Quee. What, what? First praise mee, and againe say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe
For. Yes Madam faire.
Quee. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Heere (good my glasse) take this for telling trew:
Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherrit.
Quee. See see, my beautie wilbe sau'd by merrit.
O heresy in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though fowle, shall haue faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I saue my Credite in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.
If wounding then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes:
Glorie growes guyltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraignetie
Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be
Lords ore their Lordes?
Quee. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boyet, Here comes a member of the common wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den al, pray you which is the head lady?
Que. Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that haue no heads.
Clow. Which is the greatest Ladie, the highest?
Quee. The thickest, and the tallest.
Clow. The thickest, and the tallest: it is so, trueth is trueth.
And your waste Mistrs were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest heere.

Quee.

Quee. Whats your will sir? Whats your will?
Clow. I haue a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,
to one Ladie *Rosaline*.
Que. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer. *Boyet* you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet I am bound to serue.
This letter is mistooke: it importeth none heere,
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.
Quee. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.
Boyet reedes. BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beautious, trueth it selfe that thou art louelie: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then trueth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon:* and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici:* Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videliset,* He came, See, and ouercame: He came, one; see, two; couercame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht, on whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall, on whose side? the Kinges: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so standes the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlines. Shall I commande thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I coulde. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for raggs roabes, for tittles tytles, for thy selfe, mee. Thus expecting thy replie, I prophane my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my hart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industri,
Don Adriana de Armatho.